



SATURDAY, FEB. 23, 1901

A ROYAL GUEST.

How suddenly he was dethroned. Who his entire kingdom owned. They cried: "Long live the king!" But not to him they bowed, oh not for in his place of honor, lo! A tiny, squalling thing.

With wrinkled brow, and puckered face, And not a single kindly grace, Usurps this princely throne, But how he loves that tyrant small, And flies where'er he hears him call, And worships him with piteous face.

And sings—where's the rub—to sing A melody for the new king At midnight, standard time; And he who never sung a note New warbles from his throat, A lullaby in rhyme.

NOCTURNE.

"Sleep, dear, and rest! Hush, hush, don't cry, Birds in the nest Have gone by—"

"The baa-baa sheep, The moo-moo cow, Are fast asleep— It's your turn now."

"Ah, little man, You're the whole thing! Deny it who can, Baby is king!"

—M. L. Rayne, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A DIFFERENCE

By F. M. Embree.

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THEY were mounting the steps of the Metropolitan elevated at Madison street, and watching the slow clump, clump of a cripple as he descended. After he had passed them Jack said, pitifully, half under his breath: "Poor fellow! His working arm and right leg. I wonder what he can find to do."

"His wife supports him, probably. That is if he was married before his accident. I suppose his matrimonial prospects dwindled to nothing afterwards if he wasn't, in which case other relatives stepped in, of course."

Ethel's voice was calm, even cold. Jack suddenly wondered if she had a heart. He answered a little bitterly: "Then you think love goes for nothing. Only able-bodied laborers need apply!"

Ethel laughed. "Well, a one-armed lover wouldn't be of much use in securing one a seat in the elevated at this hour."

She was still breathless from her encounter with the crowd, through which Jack's height and football muscle had forced a way for her, while he was weighing her emotional nature.

"But seriously, Miss Bray, don't you think it possible for a woman to fall in love with a cripple?"

"Seriously, Mr. Archer, I do not. She may feel sorry for him, and so marry him out of the sentiment akin to love, but women put strength where men do beauty. Now would you marry Sallie Denton?"

"Sallie Denton was the red-haired, squint-eyed, lantern-jawed apple-woman known to all South-siders."

"That is an extreme case. Her mental requirements and social position match her looks."

"Fie, my dear sir, you beg the question! How many maids of low degree and small accomplishments have been lifted to place and fortune by a pretty face!"

"But not all popular women have been beauties."

"In the eyes of their admirers they have been."

"Oh, what a twisting of logic! Then a woman might imagine strength—even an arm or leg—"

"Here is our station! I believe you would have gone by, you love so to argue."

How the whole conversation—back to Miss Bray on that—ok, held back from tears by a—age before her bearing Jack A. ner's name among the wounded, after the battle of San Juan!

Later she learned that with his right arm gone, and the sight of one of his eyes destroyed, he was coming home. How she longed to see him, to tell him in some way that she had repented her foolish words.

"Oh why, why," she moaned, "do women express opinions about things of which they are wholly ignorant! What difference does it make to me that Jack is a cripple. My fortune is quite sufficient for us both, and if it wasn't, I'd think it an honor to work for him. Oh, if he had only told me of his love before he went away."

Everybody, including Ethel herself, had long known that Jack Archer was deeply in love with the slim, athletic girl who was his constant companion on the links, and in all the walking

excursions of their set. She it was who wore his colors at the football games, and waved them loyally through defeat as well as victory. And yet not a word of love had passed between the two comrades. The perfect faith had been too sweet to exchange for proof.

It had not occurred to Ethel that Jack could be hurt in battle. After he had gone, she once or twice allowed herself to grow sentimental over an imaginative grave in far-away Cuba, but there was no reality in the picture. To come home maimed—that had never occurred to her!

The meeting was over. How had Jack managed it? He had been kind, deferential, everything good breeding and their long acquaintance demanded, but he had set up a barrier between them which even she, not at all given to distrust, greatly feared could never be broken down.

Months passed, and never once had they been alone. It had all been managed so unobtrusively, Ethel was quite sure no one, not even her mother, had noticed the fact. In her secret heart she began to doubt Jack's love.

At last she determined upon a strategy. She was a most successful mimic, and could assume her brother Herbert's voice to perfection. At the last moment one evening she had excused herself from a family theater party on the plea of a headache. She was at the telephone as soon as the carriage had driven off. Then to the butler:

"James, if Mr. Archer calls to see Herbert, I have a message for him. If anyone else calls, I am not at home."

"Yes, brother told me to say how sorry he was. He was called out just after he telephoned, and as he knew you would probably be on the way, he left me to make his apology. And, by the way, I only heard to-day of your engagement. I believe it isn't announced yet, but we are such old friends, you won't mind if I congratulate you now."

"My engagement! Ethel, you know that will never be."

"Why not?" The brown eyes were wide with innocence. Could anyone suspect that her heart was beating like a trip-hammer?

Jack drew in his breath hard. Then he said, coldly: "I beg your pardon, Miss Bray, but I think you yourself warned me once about the matrimonial prospects of a cripple."

"Oh! I said women put strength where men do beauty, and you are strong and—and—erudite!" Ethel was fast losing her self-control. "If a man was in love with a girl," she went on, hurriedly, "and some one should throw vitriol at her—or something, would he not speak to her any more, and avoid her—and—everything?"

Ethel had grown more and more incoherent, and finished by sobbing outright. Then she turned and would have run out of the room, if a strong left arm had not held her.

"Ethel, do you pity me?"

"I—I don't see why I should. I'm the one to be pitied."

The arm relaxed, but tightened again as the voice went on:

"It—it's disgraceful to make a girl propose!"

A good soldier knows when to capitulate, and Jack had won the battle for bravery.

"And I thought you knew more of philosophy," Ethel said, later, "than to believe theory was ever intended to fit practice. It may be true enough to say that cripples are ineligible, but if you are a cripple—why, that's different!"

CUSTER'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

Gave an Imitation Indian Attack on His Camp and Terrified a Tenderfoot Visitor.

The late Charles Osborn, the New York broker, and Gen. Custer were intimate friends, and Osborn annually visited the general on the plains. During one of his Indian campaigns, Custer invited Osborn and a party of friends out to Kansas, and gave them a buffalo hunt. The next night as Osborn was lying in his tent, rapid firing was heard on the picket line, "Boots and Sables" was sounded, and Osborn was wondering what it was all about, when the general burst in with a rifle, two revolvers and a saber. "Charlie," he said, in his quick, nervous way, "you must defend yourself. Sitting Bull, Wiggletail Jim and Scalplock Skonegan are on us in force. Things look serious, but the safety of my regiment is my first duty. If we don't meet again, good-by!" The unhappy New York man whoops round on every side, and a great blaze sprang up in the distance. He clutched the rifle, revolvers and saber in turn, but finally dropped them all and tried to make himself as small as possible. Suddenly the noise died away, and Custer entered the tent to find his friend flat on the ground, with his face covered. "Spare me!" he moaned. "All right," said Custer, in a matter-of-fact tone. "Supper is ready, and it's your treat!" Osborn opened his eyes and saw a table spread with an elaborate feast, and a crowd of smiling officers standing by. Then he realized that he had been the victim of a practical joke; but he was so relieved that he joined in the laughter with the rest.

"She's Dead Now."

It is not uncommon for the first wife to hear of "my mother's cooking," nor for the second wife to learn that her predecessor had all the excellent traits of Solomon's virtuous women. The lecturer inquired dramatically: "Can anyone in this room tell me of a perfect man?" There was a dead silence. "Has anyone," he continued, "heard of a perfect woman?" Then a patient-looking little woman in a black dress rose up at the back of the room and answered: "There was one. I've often heard of her, but she's dead now. She was my husband's first wife."—Youth's Companion.

Getting Information.

"Have you read Omar Khayyam?" asked the young woman with glasses.

"No," answered the young man with short hair. "Who wrote it?"—Washington Star.

The MOSQUITO as a Breeder of Malarial Fevers

Interesting Experiments in Europe, Africa and America Show This

DEATH to mosquitoes! The verdict has been rendered in Cuba, in portions of America, in Italy and in Africa.

But how? That little question is attracting the attention of learned scientists everywhere. Since it was proven that mosquitoes were carriers of disease germs in fever infected districts the wise men of science have been attempting to solve the problem of either how to exterminate the mosquitoes, or, if that is impossible, how to minimize the evil of their bite.

In Cuba the mosquitoes have been blamed for the spread of yellow fever; in some of our own southern states, in Italy and in Africa the annual scourge of malaria is charged to them.

In Cuba the experiments and investigations have resulted in the advice: "Live in screen protected houses." It is also proposed to isolate fever patients in protected houses so that the mosquitoes cannot get to them and so secure the germs to be transmitted to others. There it is not believed possible to get rid of the mosquitoes, but these precautions are expected to minimize the spread of the disease.

The town of Winchester, Va., claims to have solved the problem in a much simpler way by working from the other end. Instead of attempting to protect themselves from the mosquitoes they declared death to the insects, and seemingly executed the sentence in a very simple manner. Last summer the town council passed an ordinance requiring the property

owners of the town to pour crude petroleum upon all stagnant water on their property, and every household to place a large vessel filled with water and oil under each tree or bush in the yard. The ordinance was strictly enforced, and its effect was felt immediately. Within a few weeks the mosquitoes had disappeared almost entirely, and before the end of the summer there was not a mosquito to be found in Winchester. With the passing of the mosquitoes passed also the malaria, with which the town had been afflicted each summer, and during the coming summer other towns in Virginia will try the same method. Throughout the state the mosquitoes seem slated for extermination.

Probably the most interesting and extensive experiments in this line were those made by Prof. Grassi and a corps of selected assistants in the malaria infected district near Rome, and by Sir William McGregor in the British colony of Lagos, West Africa.

Prof. Grassi was instrumental in discovering that malaria is brought about by the sting of the infected mosquito rather than the respiration of unhealthy air, and is now attempting to prove the truth of this discovery.

He had two objects in view: (1) To prove beyond dispute all that the microscope had already discovered, i. e., that malaria is propagated by the sting of this particular mosquito, "anofel"; (2) to overcome the difficulties which might be encountered in putting into practice the rules imposed by the new theory in order to free Italy from malarial. To accomplish his experiment the professor chose a spot near Pesto which contains two railway stations, S. Nicola Varco and Albanelia. That region is infected to such an extent that from June to November it is nearly depopulated; all those possessing even the smallest means taking to the hills at the first approach of the dangerous season.

The experiment consisted in isolating a number of signalmen and their respective families, living in the ten houses between the two stations—33 children under ten years of age, 104 persons in all. Prof. Grassi began (1) by curing those still suffering from malaria in the season when the "anofel" are not infected—from January to June; (2) by preserving his little colony from stings during the malarial season by means of metallic nets. Each person had scrupulously to observe all precautions suggested for this preservation, viz., to retire at sunset, and to remain in the house until after sunrise; all communication

with the outer air, even the chimney-tops, to be protected with metallic nets; and all persons to remain in the house or under the net pavilion, shown in our photograph, with which each house was provided.

The employees who were on night duty had a well stretched round the hats, and also wore cotton gloves. All persons were visited by the professor twice a day, and the slightest indisposition very carefully studied. Care was taken that quinine was not procurable from any source whatever, and Prof. Grassi personally superintended the carrying out of his instructions.

For several nights Dr. Grassi slept in the station of Albanelia with wide-open windows, protected by metallic nets, and so also did Drs. Martini, Blesch and Gibbas, and not one of them suffered from malaria fever, although they did not use quinine. The result obtained was beyond all expectation. To fully appreciate this it is enough to draw a comparison with the houses not included in the experiment. The 25 inhabitants of one of these, although under quinine treatment, were all infected by malaria. This house was only 500 yards from the place chosen by the professor for his experiment.

The task which Sir William Macgregor has set himself is even more difficult than that of Prof. Grassi, but it is not so much in the line of an experiment. He has accepted the theory that malaria is caused by the bite of a mosquito, and now he intends to get practical results by preventing the bite.

There is probably no worse malarial infected district on earth than the little colony of Lagos and the neighboring territory. It is so bad that it is impossible for a white man to remain longer than nine months at a time in the country, and the British government has found it necessary to keep two sets of officials, the one to relieve the other every nine months. The little colony lies almost in the center of the west coast of Africa, and the natives have become so thoroughly saturated with malaria as to be practically useless.

Sir William is working on the theory that if a malarial infected mosquito never bites a man that man can never have malaria, and if a mosquito never gets a chance to bite a man afflicted with malaria the mosquito can never carry the disease germs. He considers that to accomplish his purpose one of two things is necessary. Either he must stamp out the mosquitoes, or he must prevent their biting. The first he considers impossible in Lagos, which, he says, is nature's ideal breeding ground for mosquitoes. For that reason he will give attention to the second course, and stop their biting.

He was recently in England and took back to Africa with him a master carpenter and a master tinsmith as well as a large supply of wire gauze. He intends to provide every white man in the colony with at least one mosquito-protected room, and it will be the duty of the carpenter and tinsmith to instruct the natives how to make and fit the wire doors and windows, and install in them a desire for protection against the pest. The natives are also to be instructed in the method of manufacture of wire screening, and hopes in time to build up a profitable industry in this line.

To carry the curse of instruction further he will introduce it in the government schools of the colony, and insist on the teachers instilling a fear of the mosquito in the minds of the native pupils.

Another of Sir William's methods is to stupefy the mosquitoes with smoke from burning cones of chrysanthemum seed powder. Tobacco smoke, if dense enough, will kill a mosquito, but when dense enough to accomplish this purpose it is also decidedly harmful to a human sleeping in a room with it, while the smoke from the chrysanthemum powder is rather pleasant than otherwise, and though it stuns the insect it prevents its biting, which is the one important object to be attained. Sir William believes that chrysanthemum can be grown and the powder manufactured in Lagos as well as in other portions of the world, and that it is possible to develop a new and important industry in the colony.

BERNARD BRISTOL.

No Money for Her.

He—It certainly should be some satisfaction to you to know that I would die for you.

She—I don't see how it ever could be.

He—You don't?

She—No; you told me yourself that every life insurance company you ever applied to has refused you as a risk.—Philadelphia Press.

No Deceit About This.

"You told me," said the infuriated purchaser, "that that brook on the farm you sold me near ran dry."

"Guess I did," said the real estate man.

"It has been dry all summer."

"When it was dry I didn't run, did I? Therefore, it could not run dry. We never deceive."—Philadelphia Press.

Two Smart Alecks.

"When is a smoky chimney like a bawky horse?" asked the smart one.

"Why, when it won't draw," replied the one just as smart.—Yonkers Statesman.

More to the Point.

Miss Philadelphia—Has he any ancestors worth mentioning?

Miss Manhattan—No; but he is the favorite nephew of a wealthy uncle who will soon be one.—Brooklyn Eagle.

TOOK WIDOW WITH WELL.

When the Water Came His Way Mr. Easygo Cooley Proposed Marriage.

The Widow McSpoonigan's well was situated on the South side hill, under a spreading chestnut tree, and not ten feet from the public road. Better water than that which came from the well aforesaid could not be found for miles around. All the people in the neighborhood patronized that well, and morning and evening there was always a crowd of children with pailers and buckets and pails, for the Widow McSpoonigan was generous-hearted and made no objection to their tramping over her place, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Easygo Cooley, elderly bachelor, had his carpenter shop three minutes' walk farther down the hill, almost below the Widow McSpoonigan's place. He wore a comic paper farmer's chin whiskers; chewed fine cut; was never known to say an unnecessary word; was never known to get rattled. Three times a day, at seven a. m., at noon and at six p. m., he filled his pail at the well, and three times a day the Widow McSpoonigan was there to pass the time of day with him. For years they had looked with favor upon each other. But—

"Getting married is no light undertaking!" said Easygo.

"Nothing less than an earthquake will ever make him propose," sighed the Widow McSpoonigan.

One morning when Easygo arrived at the well the widow was not in sight. He sighed a little as he leaned over the well. As he sighed he fell in, for the plank on which he had kneeled had been insecurely placed.

The widow was not far away. As she approached she saw him fall and heard him splash. Breathless she stood, with her heart in her mouth, but presently smiled relievedly. From the mouth of the well there issued one word. Its initial was "D."

"Maybe that was a lucky tumble," said the widow to herself. "He'll be wet through. I'll take him into the house, give him some of McSpoonigan's gloves, mix him a drink of something hot, and, who knows? He may propose!"

Then she went to the side of the well and in agonized accents called: "Oh, where are you, Mr. Cooley? What shall I do? What shall I do?" and she wrung her hands and wept bitterly.

And then from the bottom of the well, in cool, composed accents came the answers to her two questions: "In the bucket. Hoist!"

"Drat the man!" muttered Mrs. McSpoonigan, but she hoisted.

When he reached dry land again he declined all offers of assistance and went home, leaving the widow almost in tears.

It was not exactly an earthquake that brought at last these two loving hearts together, but something very near it. The Widow McSpoonigan awoke one morning to discover that her well had disappeared. The bottom had fallen out of it. Then some one remembered that there was a disused coal mine somewhere below. One man descended the well and saw the tunnel.

And now mark the working of fate: The water ran down a blind entry, filled a deep hole at the end and leaped through the side of the hill, finding egress on the land of Easygo Cooley. Easygo discovered the fact within 24 hours. Being a just man, he immediately called upon the widow and explained matters. "Having taken your well, I guess I'd better take you," he said. "What do you say?"

And what the widow said was eminently satisfactory to both parties.

THE GROCER EXPLAINS.

How the Diplomatic Merchant Stilled the Discontent of a Caring Customer.

"A dollar a basket for pears!" exclaimed the woman who had asked the grocer the price, and added that she expected to "do up" about three bushels, relates the Chicago Daily News.

"That's the price, ma'am," was the reply.

"But it's outrageous! Think of a dollar a basket for pears, and not over half a bushel in a basket!"

"Yes; but pears are a little up this fall."

"But why should they be? It's been good weather right along for pears."

"My dear woman, we are at war in the Philippines. We are as good as at war with China. We have a presidential election on hand, stocks are unsettled, strikes are numerous and at least one royal head has fallen under the bullet of the assassin. Just recall this, and then ask yourself why pears are a dollar a basket. Can you expect pears to remain passive while codfish and clovepeeps are jumping like kangaroos?"

"Um! But I never thought of those things," replied the woman in more mollified tones. "Yes; we're certainly had awful times, and awful ones are coming, and you may send me over a basket after dinner. If you happen to hear that the pope is assassinated or the state of Ohio has been devastated by a cyclone, you may send four quarts of green tomatoes and a citron at the same time."

Concerning a Color.

She—Did you tell Mr. Luggs my hair was red?

He—I did not.

"He says you did."

"I did nothing of the kind. He asked me and I told him it was the color of a popular novel."—Detroit Free Press.

His All.

Dibbs—Yes; Coker has left everything he had to the city.

Dabbs—What was it he left, then?

"Five children."—N. Y. World.

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KING OF CATTLEMEN.

Career of a Rhode Islander Who Went to Texas Penniless and Acquired a Fortune.

In the Pierce family cemetery at Deming's Bridge, Matagorda county, Tex., there is a magnificent monument erected to the memory of A. H. Pierce, known in that portion of Texas as "Shanghai." The monument tells of the virtues of Shanghai. The statements are no doubt true, for Shanghai had them chiseled out for order.

"I'm not going to wait until I'm dead to have a monument raised for me," said Shanghai, in explaining why he anticipated the future. "You may talk as you please about me now, but I don't know what you'll say

when I'm dead. I'm entitled to a monument and I'm going to make sure of having one, so I've put one in 'memory' of myself."

This monument is of marble and granite, about 35 feet high, and cost, set in place, about \$15,000. The pedestal is of Texas granite, while there is a heroic figure of "Shang" in marble surmounting the whole. Smaller figures commemorative of stirring events in his life are in niches about the pedestal, and panels are chiseled with inscriptions telling of Mr. Pierce's career.

Texas has many queer characters, but none odder than Shanghai Pierce. He is the richest of the cattlemen, the oldest in point of active service, and the most enterprising. A thousand good stories are told about him, some apocryphal, but the majority true. He is as well known in banking circles in New York as on the prairies of Texas, and the big money men of Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City know him almost as well as do the people of the larger towns of Texas. Nothing is too big for Shanghai to take a hand in, be it a poker game or a blind pool in Wall street, but the only thing he prides himself on is his knowledge of cattle. He says he is the best cowman in the world, and it would be difficult to prove that he is wrong in his opinion. It was a chance meeting with Shanghai that led Charles H. Hoyt to write "A Texas Steer." They met on a railroad train, and Hoyt conceived the idea of writing a play around the cattle king.

Pierce died a few days ago, leaving a fortune estimated at \$5,000,000.

CRAZED BY RELIGION.

Fanatic in North Carolina Wanted to Offer His Children as a Sacrifice to the Lord.

From Greensboro, N. C., a correspondent writes to the Atlanta Journal that Rev. T. C. Hodgins, a Quaker evangelist who lays special stress on the doctrine of sanctification, has created a genuine sensation in the southern part of that county, where

he has been conducting a revival at a country church.

Some of the people who attended the services became so enthused that their religion took on the form of insanity.

In the course of one of the experience meetings a man arose from the congregation and told of a vision which he claimed to have had with the Lord the night before, in which he was commanded to take his young children and offer them as a sacrifice to atone for the sins of his past life.

While he was speaking his sister arose and obeyed:

"Brother, shout the voice of the Lord."

The excitement was intense, and but for the presence of a few cool heads some of those present would have done themselves personal violence.

The rash father who claimed to have had the vision is being watched by his neighbors to save his children from harm.

The Plot That Failed.

"Arabella doesn't look at all happy."

"No; she married a man younger than herself under the impression that he would be more manageable than an older one."—Chicago Record.

Giving Away a Secret.

"You'd better eat it slow," said Johnny to the clergyman, who was dining with the family. "Mamma never gives more'n one piece o' pie."—Chicago Tribune.

Remote Possibility.

"You have never had a wife, I presume," said the generous matron who had taken pity on him to the extent of supplying him with some cast-off clothing and a plate of victuals.

"No, ma'am," answered Goodman Gonrong, "an' I don't reckon I ever will have, unless I run across some woman who wants to make the experiment of marryin' a man to reform him. An' that ain't likely to happen," with his mouth full of baked beans, "cause she'd hev to be young an' handsome."—Chicago Tribune.

A Cool Young Man.

"So you want to marry my daughter? Well, what are your prospects, young man?"

"I expect to come into possession of \$100,000 in a short time."

"Why, that is just the amount of my daughter's fortune."

"Yes; that's the hundred thousand I meant."—Brooklyn Life.

Scientific Research.

Jester—Old Squeezit has agreed that after his death his body shall be turned over to the university, in the interests of science.